

1913

The Norm, 1913-02

Oregon Normal School

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Set #1

v. 2, no. 3

Feb. 1913

OREGON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
MONMOUTH, OREGON.



THE NORM

COMMENCEMENT
NUMBER

FEBRUARY
1913

YOU'LL FIND
QUALITY---STYLE---COMFORT
IF YOU WEAR

Diamond Brand Shoes — Brewer Hats — Hall Mark Shirts
Derby Gloves — R and G Corsets — Burson Hose

YOU'LL BE PLEASED

If you'll call and examine our new lines of imported laces
and embroideries, just received direct from the
mills. We make it a specialty to
carry up-to-date goods
and prices to
please
you

MONMOUTH MERCANTILE CO.



The man that
prints the Norm

Remember the name when
in need of Invitations, Pro-
grams, Cards and all sorts
of society printing.

Phone Main 1243

SALEM, OREGON
221 S. Commercial St.

Our Photographs

are true portraits bringing out all that is best in character and individuality. If you do not care for your own picture, remember that your friends do. We will be pleased to show our wide variety of styles and mountings.

The Davidson Studio
Monmouth, Oregon

Perkins' Pharmacy

Have you tried our A. D. S. Heatherdale
Linen Stationery?

Most of the girls have, and they like
it, too.

Anything in the drug line. If we haven't
got it, we'll get it. Ask us.

THE MONMOUTH DAIRY

J. M. McDonald, Prop'r

OUR milk and cream is produced under the most sanitary conditions, our cows are tubercular tested and fed on everything that is good, including rich alfalfa hay. Remember this—The high grade of milk costs no more than the inferior that is for sale in Monmouth.

Phone 55

MONMOUTH, OREGON

To the Norm Readers and Friends—

Your attention is called
to our New Store at
INDEPENDENCE

Polk County's Best Store

Everything is New and from the
Best Markets—bought for Cash
and sold for less. The store that
Saves you money. We have a com-
plete line of

Dry Goods

Ladies' and Men's Furnishings,
Suits, Coats, Skirts, Waists, Foot-
wear, Trunks, Suitcases, Notions,
Etc.

Agents for

Kaufman Pre Shrunk and
Kamber Clothing for
Men. Kenyon Raincoats,
Royal Mills Underwear,
Myer's Kid Gloves.

Agents for

Standard Patterns, Dent,
Centaur and Ideal Gloves,
W. B. Corsets, Palmer
Garments, Munson Tail-
ored Waists, Classic Un-
derwear.

WETHERBEE & JONES

Independence, Ore.

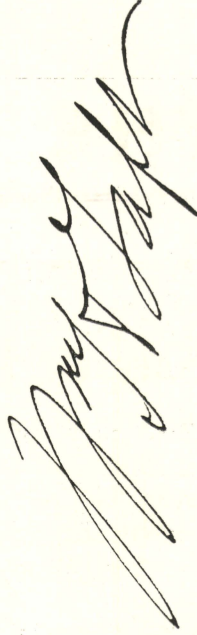
The Store that Saves You Money

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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

The relation of teachers to politics and government is of the utmost importance, though indirect. It is and ought to be their highest duty to instill in the minds of the young girls and boys the patriotism and love of country, because the boy is father to the man, and the patriotism of the extreme youth of the country may well determine that of the grown men.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink, likely belonging to Woodrow Wilson, is positioned above the text of the address.

(Extract from President Taft's address on "Present relations of the Learned Professions to the Political Government" at the University of Pennsylvania, February 22, 1909).

(Rewritten for the Graduating Class of the Oregon Normal School).

THE NORM

VOLUME TWO

NUMBER THREE

Shadows Before Dawn

(By C. R. MOORE, Bandon, Oregon.)

An utterly unbelievable Melo-Comedy in four acts, compiled in extreme haste by the author at the request of the February Seniors of 1913, Monmouth.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

The Class of 1913.....	Miss Mary Whitman
A Leech, alias A Physician.....	Mr. Orrin Byers
A Sayer of Sooth.....	Miss Beulah Hesse
A Barrister.....	Miss Hazel Work
Nemesis.....	Miss Agnes Clark

Commendable Attributes:

Harmony.....	Miss Freda Gist
Health.....	Miss Elta Portwood
Joy.....	Miss Bess Shepherd
Contentment.....	Miss Jean Sharman
Truth.....	Miss Edith Perry
Beauty.....	Miss Bessie Bell
Modesty.....	Miss Anna Wood
Courage.....	Miss Maud Wills
Wealth.....	Miss Rhea Benson

Attributes Not Quite So Commendable:

Discord.....	Miss Lydia Powell
Infirmity.....	Miss Frances Lees
Poverty.....	Miss Olea Shore
Sorrow.....	Mrs. Eva Scott
Ambition.....	Miss Mary Kelly
Deceit.....	Miss Etta James
Age.....	Miss Clara Ireland
Vanity.....	Miss Bessie Graham
Fear.....	Miss Sadie Bell

SYNOPSIS.

Act First: Evening of a day near the end of the term.

Act Second: The following morning.

Act Third: Afternoon of the same day.

Act Fourth: Thirty minutes later.

Scene: The apartment of the Class of 1913 at Monmouth.

ACT FIRST.

The curtain rising discovers the apartment of the Class of 1913 at Monmouth on the evening of a day near the end of the term. Not a very large room, but big enough for the Class to live in. At stage right about R2E is a door leading out upon a drafty entry. At Left and in back drop Left a window or two giving views of February landscapes. With head against the center of the back drop is the most imposing article of furniture present: a white enamelled iron or brass bedstead tastily decorated with appropriate covers and pillows. Chairs of varying degrees of comfort arranged in unsuspected corners. One large easy chair for use in Second Act. An oilstove stands in a corner, for use if no fireplace is available. If fireplace can be obtained, place it downstage in Left wall across the room from the door.

At rise, the Class of 1913, Harmony, Health, Wealth, Joy, Contentment, Truth, Beauty, Modesty and Courage are discovered about to indulge in a true Normal banquet, said banquet being tastefully displayed upon the banquet table, meaning the bed. The only table in the room being too small and placed in a corner anyway. Harmony has just begun to sing and her song is concluded before the dialogue commences.

Class of 1913. Welcome, friends. I drink to your healths separately and collectively, not in ruddy Burgundy, but in good old Monmouth lemonade.

All. Hail, 1913!

Beauty [rising]. And now a health to our charming hostess, a tribute to her everlasting loveliness.

Contentment. May her path lead through level ways beside peaceful streams and over flowery meadows.

Health. May she ever have but speaking acquaintance with doctors.

Wealth. May her pin-money never fail; may it even swell into needle money.

Joy. May all her clubs be Glee Clubs.

Truth. May she be a second George Washington—I mean Martha Washington.

Modesty. May she deserve the love of women as well as the respect of men.

Courage. As for me, I could wish that she might never know fear; but with such a company of friends as this she can well dare anything.

1913. True. My intimates are of the finest. I flatter myself none better exist and congratulate myself upon my choice of associates.

Vanity enters with a small mirror in her hand.

Vanity [cheerfully]. Hello, all of you!—[to 1913] See what I have brought you. [*Presents mirror.*]

1913. A mirror! Lovely! Come, Beauty, and see the picture. Isn't it charming?

Beauty. Bewitching!

Vanity [slyly]. And see the men's hearts dangling about the margin.

Modesty [indignantly]. Nonsense! Such things should not be spoken of so lightly.

Vanity [mockingly]. What! This from her whom men do most kneel to?

Modesty. I insist on men's hearts being in the proper place. Enter Discord, a gaudily dressed squaw, who squats in the lower

Right corner of the stage without asking permission.

Vanity. Ay, upon their sleeves to make easy picking! Such beauty, sweet '13, could sway the world.

1913. I mean to rule.

Ambition enters in time to catch the last remark.

Ambition. Well said! By whip and spur, if need be—to rule is the spirit of progress.

Contentment. Nay, not by whip and spur. Peace and humility were preferable.

Ambition. Ay, for stay-at-homes who hide their lights beneath a bushel, a crime, indeed, against nature!

1913. A horrid crime!

Modesty [*much disturbed by these words*]. How shocking!
Contentment [*huffily*]. If such be your mind, fare you well.
I'll go about my business.

Modesty. And I.

[*They exit.*]

1913. Don't go!

Vanity. Hush! Can't you understand? From Contentment we are to have another story and from Modesty another perfect lesson. Surely *The Norm* and the classroom deserve that we should deprive ourselves in such good cause. Ambition and I, though unworthily, will strive to fill their places.

1913 [*pointing out Discord*]. And who is this?

Ambition. Our good friend Discord.

All. Isn't she funny?

Health. I've seen her oftentimes ere this at picture-shows.

1913. Comes the good friend from Astoria?

Ambition. Nay, she's not so good a friend.

Harmony. I don't like her. Tell her to go away.

Vanity [*protestingly*]. Nay, not our good friend Discord.

Ambition. Why, Discord loves everyone, even Harmony.

—[*To Discord.*] Don't you?

Discord [*grumpily*]. No like 'um.

Harmony [*angrily*]. You can't expect me to listen to that sort of talk. [*In rising key.*] If you won't send her away, I'll go.

Truth. Sh! Sh! Such uncultured cadences!

Harmony [*wrathfully*]. I'm going.

[*Exit*]

Joy. I'm so sorry!

[*1913 goes to door as if to Call Harmony back, but is too late.*]

Truth [*to 1913 at door*]. Do you intend to allow these two interlopers [*indicating Vanity and Ambition*] to take over the administration of your affairs?

1913. They are my guests.

Truth. Are they invited guests?

1913. They—ye-es—

Deceit enters.

1913. No!

Truth [*disgusted*]. And now you welcome Deceit! [*Exit.*]

Deceit. Room for any more here?

Ambition and Vanity. Yes. Come in.

Deceit. I'll stay, bein' as Truth has gone. She and I don't speak, you know. My red sweater makes her think I'm a Rhode Island Red and she hates chickens.

1913. To the repast once more, my friends; the vacant places are all filled.

Vanity. A toast to our hostess, the rarest, fairest, loveliest and most entrancing of maids!

Deceit. When it comes to sayin' language, Vanity is a regular Bachelor Maid of Arts and Watercolors.

1913. Many thanks. I'm the happiest of classes, beloved of so many estimable companions. Our confederacy will outlast life. Nothing can alter or end it.

Ambition. Hail, 1913, twenty-two parts feminine grace and one part manly dignity!

[Lights suddenly go out. A resounding crash of the thundersheet and chills-and-fever music in the orchestra pit. Feminine shrieks heard in the darkness. Then silence, through which comes with startling distinctness the voice of]

1913. That dynamo belt ran off again. Where's the old student lamp?

Voice [slow and as sepulchral as possible]. 1913, the last hour is at hand!

1913. Gracious! What's that?

[Short pause—long enough to count ten without undue haste.]

Voice. Your time has come.

1913 *[after very short pause, with slight tremor in her voice]*.

Who are you?

Voice. A visitor from the Unknown Shore. I am Nemesis.

[Spot-light flares up, directed on Nemesis, who stands Left Center.

If spot-light is not available, a single beam of light from above will answer, the point being to light up Nemesis and keep the rest of the stage in shadow. The light shows 1913 at Right Center gazing in alarm at her unexpected visitor. All the other characters have disappeared. Short pause.]

1913. What do you mean?

Nemesis. Death approaches.

1913 *[in quick gasp]*. Death. *[After two seconds pause.]*

Not death! *[low, gasping, breathy tone]*.

Nemesis [*standing with folded arms in same pose as when lights were turned up*]. Your courses are nearly run.

[*Short pause.*]

1913 [*sharply and firmly*]. I won't die! [*Faces Nemesis with unconscious imitation of the latter's attitude.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT SECOND.

Scene: *The same. On following morning. All traces of the banquet have been removed. The oilstove stands down stage extreme Left. 1913 sits in large chair in front of it or fireplace.*

1913 [*shivering*]. Br-r-r-r! How cold it is! The frost sleeps late these mornings. [*Knock at door.*] Come in.

[*Enter Infirmary, who stands for a moment in the doorway.*]

1913 [*irritably*]. Shut the door; I'm freezing! Who are you and what may your business be?

Infirmary. I am Infirmary, come to live with you until the end.

1913 [*cuttingly*]. How kind! Where is Health?

Infirmary [*gravely*]. She's busy drinking the health of the June class.

[*Enter Courage, Wealth, Beauty and Joy.*]

The Quartet. Hello, '13! How are you this morning?

1913. Not at all well.

Joy. I'm so sorry.

1913. I'm as childish as any beginner in the Primary Department.

Courage [*enthusiastically*]. Then you should have a sand-table; it's the only thing!

Beauty. Revive yourself by a glance into your mirror; it's just a dear, I think.

1913 [*with wan smile*]. What say you, little Wealth?

Wealth. Call me not "little"; in Technical English I have been pronounced great.

Joy [*to 1913*]. Come over with me for a feed. I've just received a consignment of small potatoes from Yamhill.

1913. Nay, I'm too weak to be tempted even thus.

[Enter Discord, Ambition, Vanity and Deceit. Discord takes her usual place on the stage.]

Ambition [briskly]. What! Not mooning by the fire when you should be agallop with Destiny?

Vanity. Where is your pride, '13?

Discord. White squaw heap sick.

Deceit. Keep tellin' yourself you're well and you'll recover.

1913. No, I can't. Nemesis has chosen me as her affinity.

Ambition. Come, come! You must attend the meeting of the Student Body.

1913. My own worries me more.

Vanity. Be warned: melancholy raises wrinkles and scores the deuce with one's perspective.

Deceit. Laugh an' keep sayin' you aren't ill.

[Enter Truth.]

Truth [taking in the situation quickly]. Ill? Have you sent for the Leech?

1913. I hate him; he has such a stickery title. What good could he do?

Truth. He tells your past so that by correcting the wrongs you may have a more comfortable future. I'll call him. [Going.]

Vanity. Nay, he never could be prevailed upon to come while the game is still love-one.

Truth. If duty calls, he will—even though it means driving after dark. [Exit.]

1913 [shivering]. I feel worse every minute.

Joy. I'm so sorry!

[Re-enter Truth followed by Leech. Leech looks lingeringly back through the door for several seconds. The orchestra softly plays several bars from the "Miserere" of "Il Trovatore." Leech crosses room but at Center turns and returns to door and looks out longingly once more. The music continues until he has crossed the room a second time and halted by 1913's chair]

1913 [crossly, as Leech stands at open door the second time]. For heaven's sake, shut that door!

Leech [sighs, crosses stage and feels her pulse]. Each of your twenty-three component parts—your twenty-three component parts feels ill.

1913 [*peevishly*]. What's the matter with them now?

Leech. It's not the present that makes me solemn—not the present, but the past—the past.

[HISTORY.]

Take heed, and may the future—may the future be better—be better. [*Takes out notecase and presents paper.*] My bill.

1913 [*takes bill, reads it, sighs, gives him her purse without looking into it*]. Your bill takes all I have.

Leech. Does it so? Very well. [*Offers his arm to Wealth and they go out together.*]

Vanity. Wealth departs with the doctor. Ah, well, we'll soon see two radiant blue eyes above a new diamond ring.

[*Poverty slips in and goes up stage, coming down on 1913's left.*]

1913. Who are you?

Poverty. I am Poverty, the stimulant of Domestic Science.

1913. I am sorry to see you leave the ranch to be with me.

Poverty. My visit will be inconvenient, no doubt, for me and you both.

Deceit. The Leech is a ridiculous doctor.

Truth. Why so?

Deceit. He tells you nothin' you don't know and can help, leavin' the remedy to be guessed.

Truth [*rebukingly*]. He is *my* choice among physicians. Introspection is the sovereign specific.

Deceit. Oh, oh! Ain't it to laugh!

Truth [*sharply*]. Some day you may receive in the mail an invitation to go to Coquille. If you do, go! [*Exit, haughtily.*]

1913. I feel so unhappy. Beauty, bring the mirror.

[*Beauty does so. 1913 looks into it and puts it aside in disgust.*]

Joy. Goodbye! I have to take the 4 o'clock motor for Independence.

Beauty. And I must hie to "Justidere" to sew on bachelor buttons. [*They go out, letting in Sorrow and Age.*]

Sorrow [*crossing to 1913*]. Behold us! [*pointing to herself*] Sorrow.

Age [*following suit*]. Age; green old age.

Vanity. A word from the Emerald Isle!

1913. Isn't that too bad! After all this trouble! Why can't I die?

Joy. Because though you soon cease to be an active factor of the student body of the Oregon State Normal, you will live in the hearts of every one of your twenty-three component parts, no matter how far the winds of circumstance may scatter them.

1913. How blessed to be a person of parts! Are you sure this is true?

Joy. Oh, yes. A man over at Independence told me so.

1913. Isn't it just too fine! [*Snapping her fingers at Nemesis*] That for you!

Nemesis. Exult while you may. Remember, these [*indicating the Not So Commendable Attributes*] will ever attend you.

1913 [*with dignity*]. Pray gaze upon these [*pointing to the Commendable Attributes*]. You point out the malady. Behold the antidotes. Joy, you have cured me.

Leech. Nay, 'twas introspection upon past wickedness as revealed by me that worked this cure.

Sayer of Sooth. Say not so, the future being told by my priceless crystal, the remedy was found.

1913. You are both wrong, Friend Ridpath and Mother Witch. Joy alone could and did save me.

Barirster. Say, call on me when you feel like dying again, and I'll scribble off your will free gratis.

Nemesis [*sadly*]. And I must seek another affinity.

1913 [*joyfully*]. Yes; glory be!

CURTAIN.



SADIE BELL

Quiet and attractive and as virtuous
as she is charming.

MARY WHITMAN

Winning grace her every act refined,
Like sunshine shedding beauty where
it fell.

BESSIE BELL

A pensive, tender maid, down cast
and shy.

ELTA PORTWOOD

I have a heart with room for every
joy.

BESSIE GRAHAM

The sweetest flowers are ever frail
and fair.

ANNA WOOD

Her face betokened all things clear
and good.





BEULAH HESSE

A vigorous, various versatile mind.

ETTA JAMES

A scholar and a ripe and good one
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and per-
suading.

LYDIA POWELL

They are never alone who are ac-
companied by noble thoughts.

RHEA BENSON

She bears a mind that envy can not
but call fair.



MARY KELLY

A perfect woman nobly planned to
warn, to comfort and command.



EDITH PEERY

Her steadfast eyes look calmly forth
upon the ways of man.





AGNES CLARK

Modest and simple and sweet.

OLEA SHORE

Her very presence bringeth optimism.

HAZEL WORK

From the crown of her head to the sole of her feet she is all mirth.

BESSIE SHEPHERD

A vest pocket edition of concentrated cuteness.

FREDA GIST

She is an ideal primary teacher though judging from her voice we might take her for a "prima donna."

CLARA IRELAND

For man's a giddy thing and this is my conclusion.





FRANCES LEES

Blest with plain reason and sober
sense.



ORRIN BYERS

Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman rules us still.

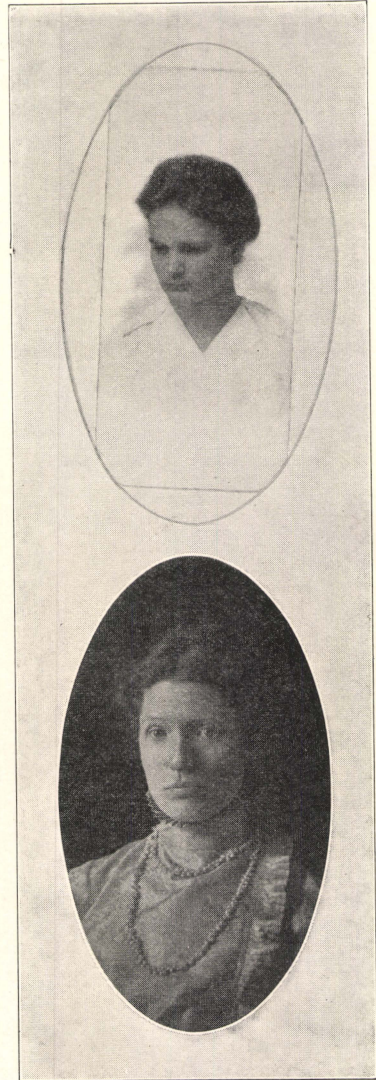


MAUDE WILLS

And her voice is meek and submis-
sive.

JEAN SHARMAN

There was a soft and pensive grace,
a cast of thought upon her face.



EVA SCOTT

She who can at all times sacrifice
pleasure to duty approaches the sub-
lime.

Senior

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nick Name</i>	<i>Age Accurate</i>	<i>Haunts</i>
Bessie Bell	Beauty	20	Justidere Inn
Sadie Bell	Sally	20 (too)	Ditto
Rhea Benson	Rhe	Just right	The Knoll
Orrin Byers	Lovey	Legal	Dove's Cove
Agnes Clark	Aggie	?	Peanut Corner
Fræda Gist	Fread	We don't know	T. D.
Bessie Graham	Betsy Jane	Can't tell a speck about it	Dew Drop Inn
Beulah Hesse	Miss Hesse	of age	Craven's Grocery
Clara Ireland	Ireland	Ready to vote	Independence
Etta James	Jim	23	Skating Rink
Mary Kelly	Kelly	Can't tell	Post Office
Frances Lees	Fussy	Sweet sixteen	Picture Show
Elta Portwood	Elta Dee	14	Bessie's House
Edith Perry	Edie	Of age	College
Lydia Powell	Lydie	Legal	5th Grade
Olea Shore	Olie	40	Proposal Bridge
Eva Scott	Scotty	Her first tooth	Her own cottage
Bessie Shepherd	Bess	12	On race track
Jean Sharman	Just Jean	15	Harmony
Maud Wills	Maudie	17	Picture show
Mary Whitman	Babe	65	Justidere Inn
Hazel Work	Tiny	"23"	Ball Room
Anna Wood	Annie	16 (too)	The Bank

Pointers

<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>New Year's Resolution</i>	<i>Ultimately</i>
"Sakes girls we would ought to—"	To refrain from slapping Sadie	Somebody's cook.
"Beat it!"	To write no more lesson plans after Feb. 4th.	Wife of the President of the United States.
"Zip"	To secure a school in Texas after graduation.	Missionary to India.
"Goodbye till Chapel time."	To get married in June.	A Mormon.
"Now look here, kids."	To stop fussing.	Globe trotter.
"Law me suz!"	To get slim.	A regular old woman who lived in a shoe.
"Laws-a-Peter!"	To be wedded to her Art.	A chauffeur.
"et cetra"	To calm a Craven spirit.	Barker for Ringling Bros.
"Do tell!"	To go to Eastern Oregon,	An Eastern Oregon rancher's wife.
"Oh Girls"	To teach on one of the higher Planets.	Luella Clay Carson 2nd
"Oh! Its a letter from the Chaw girls."	To be an apprentice at the saddlery trade.	Bronco Buster.
"Oh Sugar"	To quit staying out late at night.	An aviator.
"Heavens and Earth"	To become more dignified.	A chorus girl.
"Please may I ask a Question?"	To quit chewing gum.	A Modern Mother Goose.
"Holy Smoke"	To cultivate the gift of gab.	An interior decorator at the State House.
"You and me both."	To have every thing practical.	Domestic Science Teacher.
"Never mind."	To control her loud voice.	Member of O. E. S. Faculty.
"For the love of Mike"	To take enough baking powder to grow up.	A Jockey.
"W-ell"	To be a society belle.	A red cross nurse.
"Golly"	To quit wearing rats.	Dean of new Dorm.
"That isn't the way we do it in New York."	To quit using slang.	A teacher of gymnastics.
"W-h-a-t?"	To quit using the curling iron.	An elephant trainer.
"Dear me!"	To settle down.	Settled.

Moss Agates

(By JEAN SHARMAN.)

I TELL you, you'll fall and be drowned! The rocks are steep and slippery, and it's nearly high tide."

"It's perfectly safe, and I'm not going till low tide, of course. The rocks aren't slippery when they're dry."

"Why do you want to climb down from the north side? There aren't any eggs in the shag's nests at this time of year."

"I want to look down into the cove when the rocks are out of water."

"Humph! Good reason!" This in a tone of sarcastic disbelief.

Ruth Murray walked away from her cousin, who was attaching a fly to his trout line. "Good enough for you," she answered, indifferently.

"What's she up to now?" Will wondered aloud. Then he went to the house door. "Aunt Rachel, I'm going up the creek. Will you put me up a lunch, so I can stay all day?"

"Certainly, Will. If you'll fill these buckets for me, I'll get it ready at once."

As Will bent to fill the buckets, he saw a curious fungus of unusual form and color which grew out of an old log. In pausing to examine it, he noticed on top of the log a little pile of white and yellow pebbles. "Agates! Wonder what Ruth's going to do with them?" he thought.

As soon as Will left, Ruth hurried down the path to the beach. "Low water about four," she calculated, after a glance from the sun to the water. "If Will isn't back by that time, I'll get down into the cave and see if there are really any agates there."

Collecting agates was a specialty of Ruth's. A lapidary whom she knew had asked her to bring him some certain kinds of moss agates, which as yet she had been unable to find.

That afternoon, Ruth and Mary Garvin, a girl of her own age, climbed the hill which overhung the famous cave where the shags, or surf ducks, made their nests. The rocks above the cave were covered with hundreds of the birds, which flew up and circled in the air as the girls appeared.

Ruth and Mary, having reached the top of the hill, cautiously began descending the bluff on the north side. The sand slipped from under their feet as they went, and Mary was breathless and somewhat alarmed by the time they reached the rock ledges above the cave.

"We can never get down those rocks to the cave. Besides, the water isn't low enough," she declared.

"I can climb down that ridge, reach that overhanging spur you see, and drop from there to the beach," said Ruth, indicating the spur she meant. "Then I can explore the cave, and by that time the tide will be still lower, and I can get back by those rocks that are partly under water now."

Both girls were soon clambering down over the jagged edges. As Mary stepped to a lower ledge, she caught her foot in a crevice of the rocks and fell with some force. She was up instantly, but a sharp pain in the ankle she had twisted made her sink back to the rocks. "I've wrenched my ankle," she gasped.

"Shall I help you?" asked Ruth, anxiously.

"No, it will soon stop paining me. Go on to the cave, or the tide will turn and you can't get down. If I sit still, my ankle will be all right," Mary assured her.

Ruth looked dubious, but at length decided that Mary might safely be left, and crept carefully down the uneven rock ridge to the spur which jutted out over the floor of the cave. From this spur she let herself down, and walked back into the little cave. The walls and roof were dripping with moisture, and covered in many places with seaweed. Ruth went down on her knees, regardless of the dampness, and began looking for agates. She soon found some of the unusual ones for which she was searching, and was instantly absorbed in her task.

The surf thundered on the reef and re-echoed in the cave with a dull moaning sound which would have alarmed a girl less brave than Ruth. The sound drowned Mary's voice, as she called to Ruth, having become alarmed at the length of her absence.

The tide had turned, and an occasional wave advanced nearly to the foot of the ledge. Ruth was still out of sight in the cave.

* * * * *

As Will fished leisurely up the creek that afternoon, he caught sight of some fungi, similar to the one he had noticed in the morning. As he saw them, he had a vision of a little heap of

white and yellow stones. A thought flashed unbidden through his mind. "Those agates!" Instantly he knew the secret of Ruth's mysterious behavior that morning. He was sure she had meant to try to get into the shag's cave. "It's near low tide now. Perhaps if I hurry—" He dashed at a reckless pace down the creek.

Upon the rocks, Mary's anxiety changed to fear. The tide was rising faster now. Mary shrieked Ruth's name desperately. Still no answer. Nearly every wave broke over the foot of the ledge. The rocks at the end were covered.

Wildly Mary called, and as she did so, Ruth came in sight. A glance showed her the danger she must face.

"I'll have to climb up here," she called, indicating the spur above.

"You can't!" screamed Mary.

Before she tried, however, she tossed up to the ledge on which Mary lay the bag in which she had placed her agates. Then in vain she tried to regain the spur from which she had dropped to the floor of the cave. The under surface of the rock was slippery with seaweed, and she could not pull herself up high enough to gain a secure footing or reach a hold for her hands. The waves were breaking over the end of the ledge, and the side of it was steep and slimy. She tried to climb up nearer the end, but slipped and fell. At last, bruised and breathless, she gave up her useless attempts and looked up at Mary.

"Try the other side!" urged Mary, frantically.

Ruth shook her head. "No use—it's steeper than this!"

They waited, gazing helplessly at each other, till the waves began to wash near where Ruth stood.

"I'll have to go back in the cave," she called. Mary broke into bitter sobs.

But as Ruth turned, a loud call from above caused both girls to look up. They saw Will coming down the rocks at a headlong pace. It was the work of a moment to fasten one end of the rope he carried to a point of rock and to lower the other end to Ruth. With the help of the rope, she soon climbed to safety.

Will's face was paler than hers, and his voice shook with some emotion other than anger as he asked, "Did you come for moss agates?"

Ruth nodded, pointing to the bag in front of them on the rocks.

"Well, young lady," declared Will, "you owe them and your life to two patches of orange-colored fungi."

A Modern Rip Van Winkle

(By BESSIE BAYS.)

(With apologies to Irving.)

WHenever has lived in the Willamette Valley must be familiar with the ivy-clad Normal building of the little village of Monmouth. It is a brick structure, with two stories and an attic, and was erected by some of the early citizens of the place as a training school for teachers. At the time of my story, the attic was seldom visited, but those who clambered up there, when the weather was fair and settled, could overlook all the surrounding neighborhood.

Near this building, and in this same village, there lived, many years since, a young girl by the name of Gertrude Rohr, a student of the Normal. She was a simple, good-natured girl, a kind classmate and a great favorite among all the other students. She assisted them at their sports, made up good excuses for them when they wished to miss class and told them long stories of ghosts, witches and goblins. On a fine, sunny afternoon, she could frequently be seen on the campus, surrounded by a group of students, ready to listen to some story she had heard or imagined.

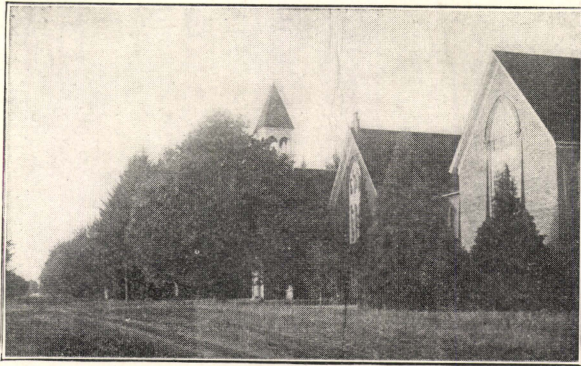
The great error of Gertrude's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of study. She was the foremost girl in all school frolics, but as to getting her lessons she found it impossible. Her instructors kept continually dinning in her ears about her idleness, her carelessness and the "Minus C's" she was getting in every test.

One day, after an unusually poor lesson in Technical English, Gertrude was reduced almost to despair, and to escape her instructors and sympathizing classmates, gathered her *Carson's Hand Book* up and started for the attic, determined to conquer the mysteries of Carsonianism. On reaching the attic, she threw herself panting and fatigued on the sofa in the Y. W. C. A. room and soon fell asleep.

She had not been sleeping long when she heard a voice saying, "Gertrude! Gertrude!" She looked anxiously into the darkness

and perceived a strange figure, dressed in a dark robe. She was somewhat surprised at the familiarity of the stranger's appearance. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene until the stranger spoke again in that same mysterious voice, "Come! Follow me, and I will teach you how to change C's to A's."

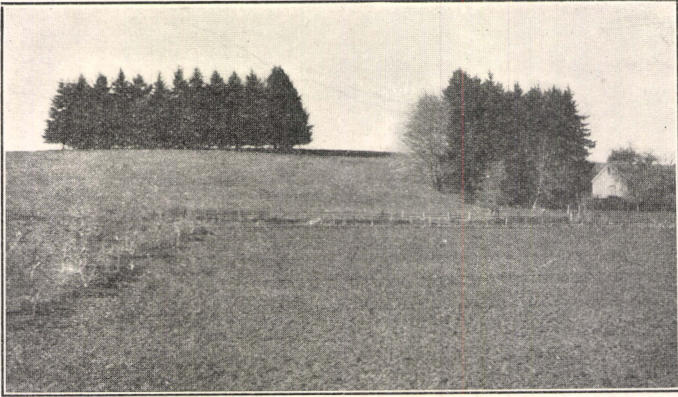
Gertrude was somewhat frightened, but decided to obey this injunction; but, as she was groping in the darkness, trying to follow the mysterious figure, she felt herself going down, down, down, until she crushed her head on the stone walk below and knew no more.



On awakening, she found herself in a strange room. She rubbed her eyes. It was a bright, sunny morning. There was a great noise from the street, as of busy bustling and hurrying of many feet on stone pavements and a clang of numerous street cars. "Surely," thought Gertrude, "I'm not dreaming." She recalled the occurrences before she fell asleep. "Oh! my lessons!" exclaimed poor Gertrude. "What excuse shall I make to the faculty?"

She looked around for her Carson's *Hand Book*, but it was gone. She now hastened to leave the room, which had the appearance of a large hospital. With feeble and faltering steps she reached the street. Here poor Gertrude was brought to a stand. The little village seemed to have changed into a mass of magnificent buildings, dotted with various signs of life that were unfamiliar to her.

It was with some difficulty that she found her way through the crowded streets. Surely, this was Monmouth, for there in the distance gleamed the lofty Mt. Hood and there nearer at hand stood Cupid's Knoll precisely as it had always been.



Gertrude was sorely perplexed; but, seeing a long line of maple trees, she determined to find if they led to the Normal.

At length she reached the place, but the old red brick building was so changed! It was no longer brick, but concrete, and over the beautiful Gothic entrance was engraved, "Oregon Normal School 1930." Across the street was an immense building, and over the front entrance Gertrude read: "Normal Training School." She glanced down the street and discovered that she had passed, unnoticed, an elegant building which she now learned was the "Administration Building." These changes so bewildered Gertrude that she walked on past the building, only to be mystified more and more. She saw Marvin Hall enlarged, and just opposite, a Library Building. At the back of the campus was an immense structure, she knew must be a gymnasium.

Gertrude retraced her steps and advanced timidly to the entrance and found, as usual, a large crowd of students about the halls, but none whom she knew. On she hurried to the office and looked in vain for the kind and genial Mr. Ackerman. In his place was a short, fat, jolly-looking fellow, who, when asked his name, replied, "Mr. Peterson. What can I do for you?" He was somewhat amazed at the bewildered Gertrude,

"Alas! sir," she cried, "I'm a Monmouth Normal student, or was yesterday. But now I don't know who I am. Do you know any of my friends?"

"Well, who are they? Name them."

"Where's Katie Dunsmore?"

"Why, she married James Gentle and they are living on a large farm, raising chickens and pigs."

"Where's Norinne Hershey?"

"Oh, she went off to Paris to study music years ago, and has been back three times to hold concerts."

"Where's Mr. Slevoigh?"

"He is in Congress now. It is due to his influence that the Oregon Normal is so much improved. He will probably be the next candidate for President."

Gertrude's heart died away at these changes. Every answer puzzled her. She had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Do you not know Gertrude Rohr!"

"Gertrude Rohr!" exclaimed the president. "Oh, to be sure! She attended school here about twenty years ago. One morning she was found unconscious on the pavement, where she had fallen from the attic window of the old Normal building. She was taken to Europe to specialists, but her mind still remains a blank. Not long ago they brought her home, and Professor Evenden, the great psychologist, is going to perform an operation upon her today."

At this critical moment Mary Kelly entered the door, breathless from running.

"Oh, Gertrude, you are safe! How frightened we have been!"

The tone of the voice awakened a train of recollections in Gertrude's mind. Surely this was her old school friend, but how changed.

It was with extreme difficulty that she was made to understand that it had been twenty years since she had fallen from the attic window and at last, after a successful operation performed by Professor Evenden, her memory had returned.

Gertrude now resumed her former studies at the Normal and was soon making friends among the rising generation and getting accustomed to the many great improvements.

The Land of Yawn

(Adapted and submitted here for the consideration of a few members of the Student Body.)

Have you ever heard of the land of Yawn,
On the banks of the River Slow,
Where blooms the Wait-a-While flowers fair,
Where the Some-time-or-other scents the air,
And the soft Go-Easys grow?

It lies in the valley of Any-time,
In the land of Let-'er-Slide.
The Tired Feeling is native there,
'Tis the home of the listless I-don't-care;
There also the Put-it-offs abide.

Perhaps YOU live in the land of Yawn,
On the banks of the River Slow;
Belong no doubt to the Put-it-off band
Who dwell way back in Any-Time land,
Where the soft Go-Easys grow.

Jennie's Hunt

(Copyright 1913 by E. R. PETERSON.)

THOT you'd get the best of me, didn't you? Well, I beat you anyway."

These were Jennie's words as she displayed a fine bunch of ducks to her two brothers, Gus and Vick, as they returned from the hunt with only three birds.

That morning when Jennie had expressed a desire to go hunting with them, they had given her an old gun with one hammer broken off and had placed her on a stand where they expected no ducks to fly.



Perhaps the ducks mistook Jennie's ability as a marksman, for they did fly within her reach, and she actually succeeded in bagging more that day than did her two brothers together.

Of this fact she was justly proud. She even openly boasted of her exploits, tho she was cautioned to be careful of what she said and to whom she said it, for she had hunted without a license.

* * * * *

"How about this, Jennie? I've been talking it over with Vic here, but we don't see any way out of it."

"How about what?"

"I have a warrant here for your arrest."

It was the constable who spoke, and as he said the words, he pulled from his pocket a paper, and read:

"County of ——.

"In the name of the State of Oregon.

"To any sheriff or constable in the County of ——, greeting:

"Information upon oath having this day been laid before me, that the misdemeanor of hunting ducks without a hunter's license has been committed, and accusing Jennie Sailing thereof.

"You are, therefore, hereby commanded forthwith to arrest the above named Jennie Sailing, and bring her before me at my office in Bayville.

"Dated this 19th day of November, 191—.

"E. J. GUNLEY,
Justice of the Peace."

Jennie appeared unmoved until the constable had finished reading. Her only words then were, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"There is only one thing to do,—you are my prisoner."

The three started down the street together.

"I suppose you know the penalty?"

"No, sir."

"The minimum fine is twenty-five dollars."

"Well," interposed Vic, "why can't you let me pay you that amount, and we'll settle this thing without making it public?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll go up here to your office and give you a check, and Jennie may go on home."

Jennie left them, but before going home she entered an attorney's office and made application for a hunter's license.

At home Jennie's first words were, "I'm up against it,—arrested and fined twenty-five dollars! I'd just like to know who reported me! I'd get even with him!—I'll bet I know! It's that Jack Fielding! That's who it is! I told him all about it the other day in his store. But I'll get him! I'll catch him some day shooting from a boat, and then he'll see what it is to pay a fine."

Jennie's mind was troubled. But it was also active, and the end was not yet. She was the youngest member of the family and had always had things very much her own way. In any dispute or controversy she seldom gave in. Defeat was practically unknown to her. If anyone ever dared to play a prank on her, he usually got it back with compound interest.

But this time it seemed that Jennie had met her Waterloo.

Some girls—perhaps most girls—would have indulged in a good, long cry. But not so with Jennie, for the end was not yet.

She had planned on going to a dance that evening, and when James called for her, she was heard to say, "Would you care to be seen with a girl who has just been arrested for violating the law?" Then she told her story, and they went to the dance. If there was any change in James' feelings, he seemed to admire Jennie even more than before.

"Well, Jennie, how does it feel to be arrested?" That was what she heard shortly after arriving at the ballroom. Somehow, the matter had not been kept quiet after all. Several times that evening she was questioned about the affair. In reply she only smiled. But all the while her mind was active. She was thinking—planning. The end was not yet.

On arriving home that evening the truth was revealed to her. The whole thing was a joke. Vic had arranged it all with the constable.

Jennie, of course, was very much relieved. But on the other hand she felt worse beaten than before. She might have known it all the time! What a dunce she was to let them fool her in that way! She certainly was "souped" for once. This she admitted.

But the end was not yet.

Vic was an instructor in the public school. A few days after this affair he was at his post, hearing a recitation. The janitor entered the room and informed him that a gentleman wished to see him.

At the door he was met by the city marshal, who handed him a paper. He took it and read as follows:

"To Victor K. Sailing:

"In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear before the undersigned, a justice of the peace, for the precinct of Bayville, at his office in Bayville, on the 27th day of November, 191—, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, to show cause why you should not pay damages in the amount of five hundred (\$500.00) dollars to Jennie Sailing for having conspired to have her arrested without cause.

"If you fail to answer this charge, the plaintiff will take judgment for the amount stated, or such other amount as the court may see fit.

"Given under my hand and seal this 23d day of November, 191—.

"E. J. GUNLEY,
"Justice of the Peace."

When Vic had finished reading, he said, "All right," put the paper into his pocket and returned to his work.

A few minutes later he was called to the 'phone. At the other end of the line was the constable.

"We are in a nice mess now! But you got me into this and you'll have to get me out of it. I've tried to talk with Jennie about the matter, but she refused to listen. All she would say was, 'See Mr. Yesby. He is my attorney.' I saw Mr. Yesby and tried to explain to him that we were only joking; but he said, 'The hearing is set for next Tuesday. You may tell your story then.'"

Vic tried to pacify the constable—tried to convince him that Jennie was only turning the joke. But he would not be pacified.

"This is a serious matter," he said. "If a woman were required to have a hunter's license, it might be different. As it is, Jennie has grounds for damages. You got me into this and you'll have to stand by me."

* * * * *

Tuesday came. There was no hearing.

Jennie had the last laugh, and she never sees the constable without reminding him of the time she had him "trembling in his boots."

THE GIRLS' LATEST.

(Note.—A young man recently came to the Normal to enroll, but mysteriously disappeared.)

Oh, have you seen that new young man?
That new young man, that new young man?
Oh, have you seen that new young man
That lately came to Monmouth?

No, I've not seen that new young man,
That new young man, that new young man,
No, I've not seen that new young man
That lately came to Monmouth.

The Teacher's Creed

I BELIEVE in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficiency of schools, in the dignity of teaching and in the joy of serving others. I believe in lessons taught not so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely. I believe in beauty in the school room, in the home, in daily life and in out of doors. I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward for all we are and all we do. I believe in the past and its lessons; in the present and its opportunities; in the future and its promises.

THE NORM

Vol. 2

MONMOUTH, OREGON, FEBRUARY, 1913

No 3

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Entered as second class matter Decemer 23, 1911, at the post office at Monmouth, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879

To the Graduating Class

YOU have all read the "Message to Garcia." Some of you, perhaps, have wished that you might be given a message to take to Garcia. Your wish is now fulfilled. You are given a message. You are to deliver it to the Garcias among the boys and girls of the schools of Oregon. This message is to put them on the road to better thots and better thinking; to prepare them for the messages that they are later

to deliver—to be better home builders—better mothers and fathers—better citizens.

There are plenty of Garcias. You have the message. The State has appropriated money to induce competent men and women to come here from all points of the compass. These men and women have labored faithfully to put you into possession of the missive. Now you have it. You are to go forward. You are to find the Garcias.

We are to have better homes; we are to have better schools; we are to have better citizens; we are to have a better state—all this we are to have because we are sending you forth from this school. Oh, you have the message to deliver. Your task will not be an easy one. You will meet with many obstacles. You will have cloudy days. At times you will be sidetracked. But thru it all, remember that the Oregon Normal School is back of you,—always ready and willing to help you. But above all remember, the Oregon Normal School expects you to *make good*.

LET US SEE THE LEGISLATURE.

Now that the Legislature is in session and since we are so near,—nearer than many of us will be again for some time,—would it not pay us to close the school for one day, and pay that dignified and much-talked-of body a visit? Surely it would be a day well spent. To most of us it would be a day long to be remembered. To many of us it would be a revelation. We have heard and read much about it; but to some of us it is as remote as the stars. To see it in its actual working order would make it clear and simple to understand,—that is, apparently. How much easier and more interesting it would then be to teach to a class of pupils.

Special rates could be secured and the cost would be very slight. Then, after returning, to make the matter more impressive and real and interesting, we could organize a legislature of our own among the students. This is an excellent opportunity to arouse interest and for a little drill in civics.

THE BULLETIN BOARD.

Did it ever occur to you that the bulletin board is probably the first thing that catches the eye of a stranger as he enters our building? Did it ever occur to you that its appearance might

have a tendency to give him an unfavorable impression of the school? Did it ever occur to you that a daily newspaper would soon fall into disrepute if it did not put on a better front than is seen on our bulletin board? Did it ever occur to you that the bulletin board in the hall is our daily newspaper within the school? Did it ever occur to you that we might make it serve its purpose better, appear better and be more useful in every way by being a little more systematic in its use? Did it ever occur to you that this might be accomplished by having a person appointed whose duty it should be to look after the bulletin board, to see that all notices are neatly written on uniform paper and neatly arranged, and to see that they are removed as soon as the purpose has been served?

The Norm moves that a better board be provided and that a bulletin editor be appointed to have charge of same. Will somebody second the motion?

THE RECALL.

A couple of months ago a plaintiff in a court in Portland was awarded damages in the amount of three or four thousand dollars. The attorney for the defense stated that it was a holdup: the judge immediately added a few thousand to the amount of the damages. The attorney again began to protest, and the judge added another few thousand to the amount. And yet there are persons who say that the recall should not apply to judges.

A few weeks ago a newspaper in Idaho commented on a certain decision of the Supreme Court of that state. The publisher, the manager and a stockholder of the paper were imprisoned and fined five hundred dollars each, without trial by jury and without recourse to appeal. And yet there are persons who say the recall should not apply to judges.

BAD SPELLING.

Incorrect spelling is a bad habit. At any rate, it cannot be said to be a good habit. It gives the reader an unfavorable impression of the writer. Many an applicant, strong otherwise, has failed to get an appointment,—though he never knew why,—because of one or two misspelled words. Yet, many of us are careless in this respect. Evidence of this statement may be found in the note-books and examination papers of almost any school.

And ours is no exception. Even among those who have taught several terms, we find poor spellers. Is this not a subject that should receive more attention in the common schools? Should it not be more emphasized in the training of our teachers who are going out? Correct spelling is impossible for many of us; but we *can* and *should* all get the dictionary habit.

THANKS, MISS HARLAN.

We take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks to Miss Harlan for her liberal offer to us in connection with the Carrie Jacobs-Bond entertainment. Miss Harlan personally assumed the responsibility of raising one hundred dollars in order to get Mrs. Bond here, then turned the matter over to us with the offer that we might have for *The Norm* any amount raised over the required hundred dollars, tho we were not required to assume any responsibility if there should be a shortage. We were pleased, first, because it was a recognition of the boosting ability of *The Norm* staff; we were pleased after it was all over, because we netted about twenty dollars.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We endeavor to see that every subscriber gets *The Norm* promptly when issued; but errors will occur even in the best regulated offices. If there are any who fail to get *The Norm* when due, they should notify us as early as possible. We are always ready and glad to rectify any irregularities.

Readers can also help by informing us of the present whereabouts, welfare and occupation of old students. Such items always add interest to the paper; but it is impossible for us to keep in touch with all. A little assistance from the readers will be greatly appreciated, and will be mutually beneficial. Drop us a line.

We had intended to present this issue of *The Norm* in an especially attractive cover design, and should have done so had not our engravers disappointed us. We ordered a high-class and high-priced reproduction of a bunch of violets, the class flower of the graduates. The engravers informed us that they could do the work in a week; and although they had three weeks in which to do it, they failed to have it ready on time. If *The Norm* were to wait for every contributor and everyone who is concerned in its makeup until such persons be ready, the publication would never come to an issue. Our policy is to *wait a reasonable length of time for all, but beyond that, wait for nobody.*

Bits of Advice to the Graduates

"Do it now."—JESSICA TODD.

Do the best; hope the best; have the best.

MINNETTE E. HARLAN.

Take note of the trend of the times, and keep pace with it.

BLANCHE FRIDD.

Be cheerful; be conscientious; be professional; breathe fresh air and plenty of it.

E. S. EVENDEN.

No matter how great or how small the task, set your standard and be satisfied with nothing less than the realization of it.

RUBY E. SHEARER.

Recommended: Equal parts of patience, cheerfulness and good common sense; apply thoroughly to yourself, then to those about you; troubles, as a rule, will disappear.

J. B. V. BUTLER.

Whatever your lot may be, work with a spirit of earnestness and cheer which shall be worthy of your noblest self. And let your highest reward be the peace which comes from the knowledge that you have done your best.

GRACE M. DAVIS.

Happiness in your work is the greatest attainment that can be desired for you. You cannot earn happiness without having felt faith and hope and put forth sincere effort, for faith without works is dead. So when I advise you to seek happiness, seek it because it is the greatest element in success.

ALABAMA BRENTON.

First of all be YOURSELF,—your own, NATURAL SELF,—supplemented by such culture and power as you have been able to build into your own makeup by thoughtful training. Your work, if efficient, must bear the stamp of your own individuality. You must do your own work in your own way; let that way always be the best within your power.

H. C. OSTIEN.

Get an avocation and work it vigorously. No device puts so much sanity per hour into your vocation. THOS. H. GENTLE.

The following creed taken from "The Home of the Soul," by Charles Wagner is one that I have always liked and so I pass it on to you: *"To love others; to grow in gentleness and strength; to despise our fellows less; to have less fear of those great in a worldly sense and less disdain for those of humble appearance,—this is the task of brotherhood, kindliness and faith."*

MABEL G. WEST.

Someone has said, "All things come to him who waits"—Don't believe it. It isn't true. It's a delusion. It's false as Hades. I waited for the Senior Class manuscripts and pictures for this issue. I waited, and waited, and waited. But they didn't come I had to go after them. And that is what you will have to do if you want anything worth while. You'll have to go after it. Don't forget: You'll have to GO AFTER IT.

THE EDITOR.

Never undermine or under-bid.

Be loyal:

- (a) *To your superiors,*
- (b) *To your fellow teachers,*
- (c) *To your students.*

Never cease to grow pedagogically.

Don't take yourselves too seriously after graduation.

J. H. ACKERMAN.

*To make a long tale short,
I've had so much to do,
I really haven't had the time
To write advice for you.
But if a word suffice,
Why then you have it here,
Be ever true and kind,
And as you are, appear.*

ALICE A. MCINTOSH.

COMFORT.

*Hard luck has of hope bereft you,
 Health is failing, wish you'd die;
 Why you've still the sunshine left you
 And the big, blue sky.
 Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging
 All their fragrance on the breeze;
 Dancing shadows, green, still meadows,—
 Don't you mope, you've still got these.*

G. C. WILCOX.

The philosophy and sound advice of Kipling's "If," if followed will bring success and happiness to every member of the February Class of 1913, for

*"If you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting too;
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or, being lied about, not deal in lies;
 Or being hated, not give way to hating;
 And yet not look too good nor talk too wise;*

*"If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
 If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
 And treat those two impostors just the same;
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools;
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;*

*"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
 Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch;
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
 If all men count with you, but none too much;
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
 Yours will be the Earth and all that's in it."*

ROSA B. PARROTT.

It is nothing new to tell you
 that "Graduating Day" means
 being once educated enough to
 take advantage of experience —
 From this day on you are
 really beginning to learn —
 education helps you to
understand — and then find
 the work you like the best —
 When there's happiness in work
 it is never a burden —

Sincerely yours
 Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

(NOTE.—The above:

It is nothing new to tell you that "Graduating Day" means being once educated enough to take advantage of experience. From this day on you are really beginning to learn. Education helps you to understand and then find the work you like the best. When there is happiness in work it is no burden.

Sincerely yours,

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.)

The Normal School has been greatly honored in being able to bring Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond, a woman of national fame, to Monmouth. Entertainments of the kind offered by Mrs. Bond mean much to the students and townspeople. Mrs. Bond has a wonderfully sweet and charming personality and, although she is not a great singer, her little songs and stories contain a delicacy of sentiment and pathos that is extremely rare. Mrs. Bond's playing is exquisite, and her interpretation excellent.

VALUABLE ADVICE.

A student in the laboratory, philosophizing, wrote: "Physics is no dream." This is true of physics and of most school work,—no dream for the instructor or the student. He is a dreamer who thinks school work is a dream. Then, here's the bit of advice: Be calm, sit tight, and keep sweet. Laugh at your misakes, and profit by them to the extent that you will not repeat them. The optimist says: "Cheer up, there ain't nobody that everybody likes."

A. B. BEAUMONT.

The following words of David Starr Jordan express my message to the graduates:

"Today is your day and mine; the only day we have; the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand; but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know: It is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other course of life leads toward decay and waste."

MYRA H. BUTLER.

TO SLEEP WELL.

Don't sleep on your left side, for it causes too great pressure on the heart.

Don't sleep on your right side, for that interferes with the respiration of that lung.

Don't sleep on your stomach, for that interferes with the respiration of both lungs and makes breathing difficult.

Don't sleep on your back, for this method of getting rest is bad for the nervous system.

Don't sleep in a chair, for your body falls into an unnatural position and you cannot get the necessary relaxation.

Don't sleep standing up, for you may topple over and crack your skull.

Don't sleep.—Puck,

Educational Department

(Edited by L. E. JAMES.)

SCHOOL GARDENING.

In school gardening the teacher must recognize the fact that the point of view for city children must be different from that of country children. The children of the rural districts are, as a rule, familiar with the fundamental operations of the garden. To attempt, therefore, to maintain the ordinary type of individual vegetable and flower gardens upon the grounds of rural schools would be an unwise expenditure of time.

For city children, however, the application of the simple operations involved in the maintenance of the individual garden containing flowers and vegetables is most important, since they have no other means of gaining this knowledge. The plan of procedure, therefore, for the teachers in rural districts should be quite different from that followed by those in urban communities.

The teacher in the rural schools will find a most fruitful field along the lines of laboratory experiments, which will demonstrate the principles of plant growth and of plant nutrition, methods of propagation, etc. Instead of the ordinary miniature flower or vegetable garden, it might be better to secure different varieties of grains and grasses for test upon home plots, encourage pupils to undertake small experiments which shall have for their chief end the development of the faculties of observation.

Many teachers who go into the rural districts plunge into this work of school gardening without any thought whatever as to the needs of the community along this line and without carefully considering their possibilities of success. The inevitable result of this is a failure, and both the teacher and school gardening are scoffed at. No teacher should ever attempt more than she can do and do well, in gardening. A most successful garden may consist of a few square feet of good soil, used as a plot for germination, seed testing, identification of young plants, etc. Indeed, very successful school gardening may be carried on by means of window boxes.

Except in the city, the best use of the school garden is an incentive and a guide to pupils in home gardening. If the child's interest is aroused he will take pleasure in applying the principles he learns.

School gardening, when properly conducted, both enriches the education of the pupils and keeps the teacher closer to the true principle of his work. But until the teacher is absolutely sure of his ability to succeed, he should proceed very carefully lest he injure, instead of advance, the cause.

The Playground

(By G. C. WILCOX.)

DOUTBLES the playground movement is the branch of physical training that is being most discussed at the present time. In this paper I hope to give the reader a better idea of the meaning and aims of a playground and the progress of the movement during the last few years.

By way of introduction, let us consider the place in the world that a child has occupied. One hundred years ago the boy and girl found sufficient room to grow up in the big broad land where quiet and freedom had lease. Later, the industrial and social demands increased so rapidly that the child was lost for a time with little breathing room and almost no play room.

In the city every inch of ground was utilized for railroad tract or factory. Where was the place for the child? "He lost his most precious birthright, the back yard, often termed his paradise of adventure. Even the streets closed to him. Street car tracks ran down the center, heavy wagons along both curbs and machines on all sides."

As the president of the Pittsburg Playground Association once said to the people of Chicago, "You need a place for your children to play. You have not thought of that. Your city is a mere workshop. Men live there. Children are born there. You send them to the hospital when ill, to the country when convalescent and you never even think of them when well."

The country boy experienced the same misfortune as the city boy, for now the fragrant flowers replace the old boards that made such fine tilts and the big round barrels that afforded an excellent hiding place are all gone.

The boys and girls have had very little chance to play until within the last few years, which have brought the establishment of the playground for the child. People are beginning to realize that a part of a boy's education must be spent in the open air, and the progress of this great movement during the last twelve years is wonderful.

By a playground we mean a large, open space provided with tilts, swings and sand boxes where children may be kept happy and at the same time receive a normal preparation for life, both

physically and mentally. The playground means more than a mere place where all the bad children may be carted to be kept out of the dirty streets.

Many games, if well taught, joyfully tell the child the lesson that is to be gained from the book through tiresome, uninteresting study. For example, many games teach observation and deduction, as does James's *Psychology*. The great lesson in life, *you must do it just right or you will fail*, comes through games and brings mental accuracy as do the numberless books of mathematics. I wonder how many minds coincide with mine when I tell you that the only lesson I well remember in Geometry is this: *I will have to bisect that angle just right or I will fail*.

The playground means a place where the boy may learn his rights and those of his playmates; a place where he may recognize right from wrong, his social standing in the group, and gain self-reliance that grows stronger as the accuracy of thought and movement increases.

First and foremost, the playground aims to better the health of the people. Every effort is being made to stamp out all kinds of disease, but the horrible disease of tuberculosis has only one cure, namely: the development of the physical powers through exercise in the fresh air.

It is a frightful sight to see hundreds of tubercular children on playgrounds situated in the poor quarters of a city. Reports tell us that nearly 6 per cent of all the children in New York are suffering from the disease; 2.5 per cent of all the Boston children. Thus it is evident that the playground, by allowing the child to breathe the open air for a few hours daily, does much toward guarding against the inroads of disease, especially against the inroads of tuberculosis.

"The playground is often spoken of as a necessary accompaniment to the child labor restriction laws," writes a playground reporter. "In 1908 in the United States one child to every six, between the ages of ten and sixteen, was employed in some gainful occupation. This does not include children under ten who sell newspapers, peddle on the city streets and work in sweatshops."

The playground, by bettering the health of the child, especially the working child, naturally gives a good moral effect. I believe that every person wishes to do right rather than wrong if only given a chance to live in a normal, wholesome atmosphere. A few

hours of good fun in the fresh air reinforces moral lessons far more than years of wearisome preaching and lecturing, and the playground, in utilizing the leisure time, teaches morality.

The progress of the Playground Movement is wonderful and is still only in its infancy.

The Playground Association Books of America tell us the following facts:

In 1912 reports were received from 250 cities. These 250 cities maintained 1000 grounds, employed 4,000 men and women exclusive of caretakers, and expended \$2,000,000.

In 1910 80 cities had associations.

In 1911 150 cities had associations, showing an increase of nearly 100 per cent in one year. The grounds are becoming more and more efficient, and I venture to say that if the progress is as great in the coming five years as it has been in the past five, every city in the United States will be well furnished with play space for their children.

Miss Parrott (telling of the modern drama in Japan): "Imagine Hamlet, in giving his famous soliloquy, coming in on a bicycle with striped stockings!"

The Quarterly Review of Gaston is a very creditable little publication for a village high school. In fact, it would do credit to a much larger place. It contains several good Christmas stories: "Rodger's Christmas" and "A Kind Deed" are especially commendable. Many stories from the grammar grades are also worthy of mention.

What's Doing



The Normals

(Special Report.)

Since the first issue of *The Norm* in November, the Normals have managed to have their pictures taken, which same we present herewith. If they have done anything else, we have not heard about it.



Alumni Notes

(Reported by FRED A GIST.) . .

Maud Maxwell is teaching in Pendleton.

Docia Willits is resting this winter at her home in Lakeview.

Vieva Walker, Emma Henkle and Hazel Jewett are teaching in Corvallis.

Clara Linnerstett was married Christmas week in Tillamook. We haven't learned who was the lucky man.

Dora Bunn, formerly from Yamhill, has taken up a desert claim in southern Oregon and is now living on it.

Ray Murphy is doing creditable work as principal at Haines. Nellie Christenson is one of his assistants.

Mary Whitney, June '08, has gone to China and is now engaged in teaching there. We wish her success in her foreign work.

Percy Wells, now County School Superintendent of Jackson county, visited us January 6. He gave an interesting talk in chapel.

Carrie Hathaway Kinnaman has given up teaching and is doing work in the Nazarene church. We are sorry to hear she has very poor health.

Miss Bertha Allen, '06, is in charge of the Sixth Grade in the Newport Public School. We are glad to hear that she is highly successful in her work.

Mrs. Allen A. McLean, nee Carmen Sears, is living in Sheridan. She is another one of our Alumni who has given up the teaching profession for something better.

A. E. Pender, class of '95, has written from Brush Prairie, Washington, asking for an O. N. S. catalogue. We hope he is planning to become a student of this school again.

The foreign department of the Y. W. C. A. has announced that Martha C. Whealdon sailed for India in October to take up the work as secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in

Bombay. She is expected to arrive there in December to begin her work in foreign fields.

Harry H. Belt, who was for several years a leader in educational work, is now practicing law in Dallas. From the success, thus far, in his new work we have no doubt of his being a leader there.

Judge Burnett of Salem, one of our most faithful Alumni, gave the student body a very interesting and helpful talk, on December 20. We were glad to know that in his busy world he doesn't forget to be loyal to the O. N. S.

In the Portland schools we find many of our Alumni, as follows: Ellen Nelson, Bessie Foster, Grace Whitehouse, Roma Stafford, Maude Cooke, Minnie Blough, Olive Rodlun, Laura Foster, William Petteys and Louise McAlpin.

Ackerman-Lunn Wedding

The striking social event of the season was the nuptials of Isabelle Vivian Ackerman and Alfred Lunn, of Corvallis. The ceremony took place at the home of President and Mrs. J. H. Ackerman, Monmouth, on Saturday, December twenty-first at high noon, Rev. Wm. Elliot of Portland officiating.

The hall and parlors were appropriately decorated in southern smilax and chrysanthemums, with a profusion of paper narcissus. The ceremony took place under a lovers' knot of smilax, chrysanthemums and ribbon allusion. Preceding the bridal party, six young ladies formed a processional with ropes of myrtle intertwined with ivy, which lead from the foot of the stairs to the altar. As the bridal party was forming, Miss Eula Amich, of Corvallis, rendered "Love's Coronation" in a most entrancing manner. She was accompanied on the piano by Miss Minnette Harlan, of Monmouth, and by Miss Katherine Gentle, of Monmouth, and Miss Elda McDaniel, of Portland, on violins. As the party appeared, they were greeted by the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," also rendered by Miss Cuba Amich. The bride, preceded by the maid of honor, Miss Hortense Eppley, of Salem, was met at the foot of the stairs by her father who led her to the altar

where awaited them the groom, accompanied by B. N. Hawley, of Corvallis, as best man. The ceremony was short but very impressive, the ring symbol being used.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride and groom were showered with the congratulations and best wishes of those present. During the reception immediately following, the Gounod-Bach "Ave Maria" was rendered upon the piano by Miss Minnette E. Harlan, accompanied by Miss Katherine Gentle and Miss Elda McDaniels on the violins.

A most dainty luncheon was served, carrying out the color design of yellow and white of the dining-room, while the young ladies who assisted wore gowns combining the same colors.

The bride was beautiful in a rich gown of white charmeuse en train, trimmed with shadow lace and pearls. She carried a shower bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley, while her beautiful bridal veil was held in place by sprays of the same flowers.

Miss Hortense Eppley, the maid of honor, wore pink messaline overdressed with white marquesette and trimmed with hand-made tatting. An immense bouquet of pink snapdragons and asparagus fern completed this beautiful costume.

The groom and best man wore the conventional black.

Mrs. J. H. Ackerman was assisted in receiving by Mesdames Carleton and Burton, of Salem, sisters of the bride.

Oratory and Debate

(Reported by NELLY ANIBAL.)

The holidays caused but very slight interruption in the department of oratory and debate. On the contrary, those students chiefly concerned in this branch of the work were afforded an excellent opportunity to focus their entire efforts upon their special line of work. As a result, very praiseworthy consequences are manifest.

Each of the three literary societies has chosen a representative who will contest for first place in an inter-society try-out to be held on January 24, 1913. To the successful contestant of this preliminary will be granted the honor of upholding the colors of the Oregon Normal School at the inter-collegiate ora-

torical contest in which the various colleges of the state will be represented on March 3, 1913.

The names of those students who will take part in the January try-out and the society from which each was chosen are as follows: Miss Loraine Johnson, Delphian; Miss Nichols, Vesperine; Mr. Richardson, Normal.

The February Senior class was most creditably represented on Thursday morning, at the chapel hour, by Miss James, who addressed the Faculty and Student Body on the well chosen subject, "The Rural School Library." Miss James showed how the teacher's interest in a school library would promulgate the worth and effectiveness of this valuable asset to educational progress.

Y. W. C. A.

(Reported by JEAN SHARMAN.)

A scheme has been devised by the members of the Y. W. C. A., which, it is believed, will tend to minimize the afflictions which sometimes beset the paths of new girls. A number of committees will have charge of the work. These committees will give all possible aid and information to new students. One committee will meet trains on the first day of the second semester. The members of this committee will be prepared to escort incoming students to the Normal or to their boarding places. In the office will be stationed a second group of girls, who will give information as to how to make out programs, etc. Some of the members of this group will be in the rooms of different members of the faculty. A third group will be in the hall. Another committee will be in the Y. W. C. A. rooms on the third floor, where they will serve tea to new students. The members of these committees may be easily recognized by the badges they will wear.

Domestic Department

(Reported by MARY KELLY.)

The Domestic Science girls of the February Senior class, the Misses Wood, Benson, Shore, Clark, Graham, Whitman, Work and Kelly, served a dinner to the Faculty on Hallowe'en in the

Domestic Art room, where the dinner was served, and the tables were artistically decorated in orange and black, the air swarmed with witches, bats, cats and other Hallowe'en visitors. Under the place cards, witches' hats in which tiny brooms were stuck, were hidden small baskets of candy.

MENU.

Fruit Cocktail (served in orange cups)
Fried Chicken
Mashed Potatoes
Baked Squash
Parker House Rolls
Salad (served in small pumpkins)
Coffee

During the last week in November, the Domestic Science girls served a luncheon to two hundred teachers from Yamhill and Washington counties who spent the last day of their institute visiting the Normal.

MENU FOR LUNCH.

White Bread Sandwiches
Meat Loaf
Boston Baked Beans
Baked Potatoes
Brown Bread Sandwiches
Coffee

Before the Christmas holidays, the Domestic Science class realized a neat little sum from a candy sale, the candy being made by the class. Had they had three times the amount, they could easily have disposed of it.

The Domestic Science department, to show their appreciation to the Dwight Edwards Company of Portland, who furnished the department with an excellent line of spices, presented them with a large fruit cake.

The scientific cooks of the O. N. S. served a dinner to the Oregon State Board of Examiners, who spent Monday, January 6, visiting the Normal.

DOMESTIC ART.

The Domestic Art class spent the three weeks preceding the Christmas holidays in making Christmas gifts. These gifts were

such as could be made by the intermediate and advanced grades of the public school. Just before the holidays, an exhibit of this work was given in the Domestic Art room.

Vespertines

(Reported by MARGARET MCCULLOCH.)

The old year has closed and before long this semester will do the same. As we start the new year and plan for the next semester, we recognize the literary meetings of the last semester as the most successful that we have had since the reopening of the Normal School, and expect the new semester to bring us more success, for we learn as time goes on.

Since the last issue of *The Norm*, our literary has met only once, due to our vacation. The program for that evening was a debate on the subject, "Resolved, that the newspapers and magazines are justified in their indiscriminate remarks on the public school system." This subject is one in which we as teachers are interested and the debate was interesting to everyone. The negative side was successful. Our next meeting is a humorous one; several members of the society are going to give "The Sweet Family."

As our society gives half of its meetings to debating, it is thought well to have a triangular debate among the three societies on January 24.

The Oregon Normal School has entered the oratorical contest. The plan of contest in our school is to have a contest in each of the literary societies to determine which of their number shall represent them, the three successful students have a try-out, and the victorious one is the representative of our school.

Delphians

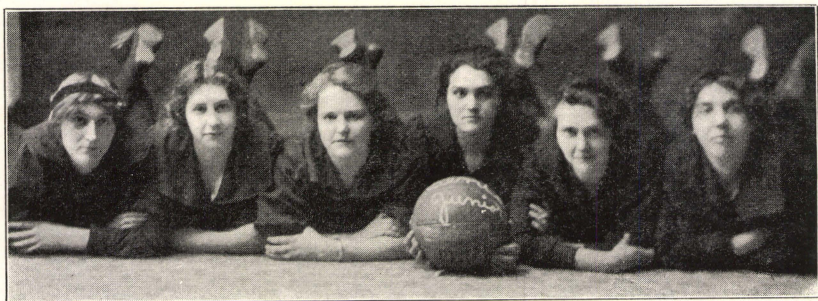
(Reported by GRACE HENDERSON.)

The Delphians have returned from their vacation with renewed energy for the new year. We regret having to part with our Seniors, as they will be greatly missed in our society work, but we wish them the best of success in their professional life.

Our long vacation has permitted but one meeting of the society since the last issue of *The Norm*. This was held on the

evening of December 13. The meeting opened with the roll call answered with the names of magazine writers of today. The piano duet by Miss Wolverton and Miss Anibal was enjoyed by all. Miss Lyda Bell gave a humorous reading, and the book review by Miss Constable was very interesting. The drill of nursery rhyme characters was clever and highly amusing, although Tom, the Piper's Son's pig, interfered with the music by its squaling and Mother Hubbard's dog broke away from its mistress and refused to complete its part. The question, "Resolved, that newspapers and magazine writers are justified in opening their columns to indiscriminate criticisms of our public schools," was very ably debated. The decision of the judges was given for the affirmative.

Following the program was the social hour, the special feature being to supply the blanks of a story with the names of current magazines.



Girls' Athletic Association

(Reported by GERTRUDE ROHR.)

As the end of the semester is fast approaching we have taken an inventory of all teams and are well pleased with the "fruits of our labor." The amount of muscle, skill and enthusiasm developed is remarkable. In the exciting game between the Sophomores and Seniors the score was 11 to 9 in favor of the former team. With the return of Lois Simms, the Sophomores welcome to their team one of their last year's team.

The second team is fast coming to the front and their success is assured. They intend to have a first-class team, ready to "tackle

any body" by the end of the semester. Playing on the team are: Miss Thayer, forward; Miss Wagner, forward; Miss Gensman, center; Miss L. Knapp, guard; Miss Kearn, guard.

Athletics

(Reported by TOM L. OSTIEN.)

Athletics at the Normal are furnishing more fun and exercise than they have been able to produce before. The boys' basketball team has played several games and have shown evidence of much good material which with practice would develop into a fast team.

On the 12th of December, a close game was played with M. H. S., which was lost by a score of 25 to 20. On the 21st the Normal played Independence at Independence and lost badly. Then on the 7th of January the High School was again victorious in another good game. The last game, played on the 9th, was with a mixed team, composed of the High School coach and several other old stars. This game was also lost by a big score.

During the latter part of December, the Sophomore girls beat the Junior and Senior girls in a fast game of basketball. The girls are arranging for other interclass games to be played in the near future.

Juniors

The first class meeting in ages was held December 11 and considerable business transacted. A yell-leader and class colors were selected, also some yells for the newly elected leader to howl. Mr. Hesseltine received 15 votes as against Mr. Bogynska's 12 and was therefore declared duly elected to the high and honorable position of Class Yellist.

Three color combinations were submitted for consideration and crimson and black were finally selected as the official colors of the noble class of 1914.

A bunch of fearsome yells was also adopted as our own, tho they have been used considerably by others before us. We wanted to print some of 'em here, but the Ed. said, "Nix, you make enough noise anyway." Why shouldn't we? What an important class we are when you come to think of it! Just think of the

important offices that are filled by members of this illustrious class. Vice-president of the Student Body, Miss Veva Dunlap; member Executive Committee, Miss Florence Tate; sergeant-at-arms of Student Body, A. B. Richardson; manager Men's Athletic Association, Clarence Hesseltine; editor *The Norm*, E. R. Peterson; assistant editor, Will H. Burton; oratory and debate editor, Miss Anibal; Fun editor, Miss Tate; What's Doing reporter, Miss Thompson; secretary state oratorical contest, Loraine Johnson. All these and many important offices in the three societies. By the time this paper is out the election will have been held placing the new officers, and it is to be hoped that the Junior class gathered its share of honors.

Sophomores

(Reported by IRENE DE ARMOND.)

In this, the third issue of *The Norm*, the Class of '15 extends its hearty congratulations and sincere good wishes to the February Graduating Class.

Our class will be considerably smaller next semester, owing to the fact that one of our members, Myrtle Cooley, was unable to return after the holidays on account of illness, and is now in the hospital at Roseburg, and, also, that a number will become Juniors at the end of this semester. Of course, we envy these their exalted position, but it isn't half bad, being "only a Sophomore."

The Nebula Choral

(Reported by RHEA BENSON.)

The Nebula Choral has been almost too busy doing things to stop to write them up for *The Norm*.

Special music was prepared by the Choral for the visiting County Institutes; and the members of the Choral ably assisted in the singing at the laying of the cornerstone for the new dormitory. Just at present the Choral is busy preparing music for Commencement.

Much has been accomplished along the musical line this semester and it is with a feeling of great satisfaction that we close this semester's work.

General News Items

(Edited by GENEVIEVE THOMPSON and FLORENCE HILL.)

Several new students have been enrolled. The excitement over the new boy has subsided since we learned that he will not enroll until February.

All students were much gratified to find on their departure for the Christmas vacation that the railroad commissioners' promise had materialized and tickets to all points in Oregon were on sale.

Under the direction of Miss Elva Boone, who was a student here last year and who is now teaching, the pupils of the Elkins school gave an excellent program December 20. The exercises were very well attended.

Among the students who were unable to return after vacation are: Miss Myrtle Cooley, who is ill at Roseburg; Miss Lela Parks, whose mother is seriously ill; Miss Flora Gilliland, whose father has been seriously injured.

Contractor D. Wayman of Portland, with his force of about twenty men, is making good progress on the dormitory. The brick work, which is so well done, is practically completed, and the other work is keeping pace with it. The contract has been let for the central heating plant and laundry.

With the erection of the new building on the campus, the Board of Regents has taken up the plan of improving the campus. With this in view, a survey of the grounds has been made and the plans are in the hands of persons at O. A. C., who are experts in this line, and we are anxiously awaiting the outcome of this much needed improvement.

After much debate the Student Body accepted an amendment to the present constitution, changing the method of electing the officers to the present Oregon system. This is a very practical step, as the teacher who goes out to teach civics and the new voter who goes to the ballot box will have had practice in this work. Much interest is being shown and the campaign will prove a warm one.

Recently we had the privilege and pleasure of witnessing a program given by the Delphian and Vespertine societies at one of their regular joint meetings. It was excellent from start to finish; in fact, better than many an entertainment that we have paid fifty cents to see and hear.

On December 20, after the regular chapel exercises, the children of the training department gave a Christmas cantata, "The Frost King." The children did wonderfully well and the play was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were present. Each student was presented with a sprig of holly and a card on which was printed a Christmas message from our president.

Among the social activities of the Christmas vacation was a watch party at Miss Harlan's, on New Year's Eve. The members of the Faculty and the students who were in town attended the motion-picture show, and then repaired to the Beckley house, where they were received by Miss Harlan. The evening was spent in dancing and games. Several musical numbers were given and refreshments served.

Miss Fridd and Miss Davis spent the vacation in California. Miss Davis returned in time for the Teachers' Association at Portland. Miss Fridd reached Monmouth Sunday afternoon. Miss Parrott spent most of her vacation at her home in Roseburg. The members of the Faculty whose homes are in Monmouth were in town most of the vacation. Miss Butler, Miss Todd and Miss Wilcox went to Seattle.

The Student Body and the Faculty of the O. N. S., the townspeople of Monmouth and members of the Masonic lodge assembled in the chapel at one o'clock on December 20 for exercises preceding the laying of the cornerstone for the new dormitory. The Masons met in a body in one of the lower rooms and marched to the chapel. After the song "America," President Ackerman gave a short talk, in which he expressed the appreciation of the Faculty and students for the loyal support which made the building possible, and showed himself very optimistic as to the future of the school. Our staunch friend, Senator C. L. Hawley, then spoke of the newness of the situation, as no new building had been erected on the Normal campus for years. He introduced to the audience Mr. F. S. Powell, the only living survivor of the par-

ticipants in the laying of the cornerstone for the present Normal building. Mr. Hawley also spoke optimistically of the school's future, and his remark, that he hoped to see a modern gymnasium on the campus soon, was received with great applause. Following Senator Hawley, Representative-elect Verd Hill gave a short talk, assuring us of his co-operation in every way possible. Judge Geo. H. Burnett of Salem, Grand Master of the Masonic Lodges of Oregon, was then introduced and, in his able manner, gave a very interesting speech, pointing out to the students their duty in honoring the founders of the school by doing their best, as the school is judged by the work of the students who go out to all parts of the state. He also warned the new members of the Oregon electorate that if they expect to do any reformation they must be interested and active, as the present evils are due to the diffidence of the electorate. After a song by the chorus, a line of march was formed and, led by the visiting order, all proceeded to the new building. There, with appropriate ceremonies by the Masonic order and songs by the Normal chorus, the cornerstone was laid. Should future generations, in the days to come when the building has fallen to decay, unearth the box contained in this cornerstone, they would find current issues of daily papers, the names of the Faculty and the Student Body officers of the Normal, and the names of those of the lodge who were participants in the ceremonies.

At the State Teachers' Association, held in Portland during the Christmas vacation, the Faculty was well represented by Miss Parrott, Miss Harlan, Miss Brenton, Miss McIntosh, Miss Davis, President Ackerman, Mr. Butler, Mr. Ostien, Mr. Evenden and Mr. Beaumont. A number of the Normal students were also present, among them being Elda McDaniel, Opal McDaniel, E. R. Peterson, Orrin Byers and Clarence Hesseltine.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Ostien entertained in honor of the February Seniors at their beautiful home, on the evening of January 11. Twenty-two guests assembled, after the Carrie Jacobs-Bond recital, to enjoy their famous hospitality. The evening was spent in social chat and after partaking of refreshments, after which the ambrosia of the gods even, would have been rejected, so delicious were they, the guests departed, thanking the host and hostess for so pleasant an evening.

On our return to school Monday, January 6, we were greeted with the prospect of distinguished visitors in the personages of county school superintendents from over the state. About twenty were present and when, at the chapel period, remarks were made by some to the effect that they would not have known by the work that we were just returned from a two-week vacation, Faculty and students felt repaid for the effort exerted in order that the work might be up to the usual standard.

President Askerman is arranging with the city and county superintendents of nearby cities and counties to furnish substitutes to fill temporary vacancies that may occur from time to time. These substitutes are taken from the members of the Senior class who are doing practice teaching in the training school. Miss Wood, Miss Anderson and Mrs. Scott substituted in McMinnville on the twentieth, twenty-first and twenty-second of December. Superintendent Rutherford gave a very favorable report of their work.

One of the greatest treats that students have had was given by Mrs. Edna Lyman-Scott, a woman who has won national fame by her story telling. On December 16 she lectured in chapel on the art of story telling. Mrs. Scott says that, to tell a story well, one must not only love it, but must live with it until it becomes a part of one's self. In the afternoon she told a number of stories, illustrating the principles she had given. Among the stories, was that of "The Other Wise Man." All were told in Mrs. Scott's own graceful, inimitable manner.

The Student Body election was held Monday, January 20. This is thought to be the first time any such body has held its election according to the state laws. The week following the filing of the petitions was marked by some very active campaigning by the supporters of the candidates for president. There being little competition for the other offices, interest centered on this race.

Considerable interest in voting was shown by the students and the long line of waiting voters at the polls reminded one of the late presidential election.

Very few ballots were marked irregularly and the majority of the voters took to the new order of things like "ducks to water." The election board, consisting of Geo. Winters, chairman, and Sattoli Haans, Elsie Yoder and Rhea Benson, clerks, also

fulfilled their duties in an orderly and business-like manner, no mistakes being made in handling the voters or the ballots.

For president, Will H. Burton, member of the Junior class and Assistant Editor of *The Norm*, was elected. Miss Henderson, member of the Senior class and president of the Delphian society, was second, and Miss Loraine Johnson ran third.

For secretary, Miss Lyda Bell won over Miss Opal McDaniel.

The following offices were filled without opposition: *Norm* editor, E. R. Peterson; business manager, Joe Bell; two members Executive Committee, Miss Constable and Miss Thompson; athletic manager, Luella DeLano; sergeant-at-arms, Miss Carlotta Crowley; yell leader, Miss Merl Dimick; vice-president, Miss Florence Tate.

The many friends of Ruby E. Shearer, in various parts of the state, will be interested in knowing that she has severed her connection with the Training Department of the Oregon Normal School.

Miss Shearer enrolled here as a student in 1905, having been graduated that year from the Lincoln High School in Portland. After two years in the Normal, she took her degree and began her work here as critic teacher, having fitted herself especially for primary work. She remained in this position until the school was closed in 1909, when she went to the city schools of Portland, returning again to resume her place in the training of teachers for primary work upon the permanent opening of the Normal. Since her graduation, she has been almost continuously teaching, utilizing her vacation time for summer school and institute work, being employed in this capacity in the University of Oregon for one summer session. Miss Shearer has left a deep impress upon the public school in the primary field.

While a student here, Miss Shearer was the first editor of the school publication, then called *The Courier*, the forerunner of *The Norm*. She has always taken a deep interest in this paper and has been one of its most loyal supporters, offering many valuable suggestions.

Miss Shearer leaves the work here wholly of her own accord, and when asked about her future plans, she said: "You may say that I am going home. I have been away from home seven

years, five years of which time has been spent at Monmouth; and now I am going home to rest a while and be with Mother."

Rumor has it, however, that after she rests a while, Miss Shearer will *not* return to the teaching profession, and if "sparkling" events cast their shadows before, such a thing may be possible.

We extend the very best wishes of the Student Body and *The Norm* force to Miss Shearer wherever her labors may take her.

The Call That Never Came

(By A. G. S., Feb., '14.)

She met him at a "hop" one night:
A youth both fair and bold;
They talked of many a college stunt,
And of that story old.

She was but a youthful maid,
And loved that youth the best
Who combed his hair in student style,
And knew well how to dress.

And when he bent his head quite close,
So his soft breath touched her cheek,
The blood did rush fast through her veins
And her voice was soft and meek.

Yet in her eys there was a light
That said, as if in fun:
"You think you've 'got me, Steve.' Ha! ha!
But I guess you're 'going some.'"

And just to try him out, she said:
"Come down tomorrow night."
At first he seemed somewhat surprised,
But the answer came, "All right."

Tomorrow night at last drew near,
And her heart played hop and skip,
And to the "Why this mystic smile?"
She only bit her lip.

At six o'clock she curled her hair
And put the chairs to right;
Then through the window her gaze was cast—
Ah! what a stormy night!

At half past six of her "sis" she asked
"At what hour should young men call?"
"At seven, if they be on the square—
Else it should be not at all."

The clock struck seven times quite clear,
The dog did give a mutter,
Which made her feel like Juliet
And sent her heart a-flutter.

Though no one knocked she thought that she
Would trust in him awhile;
But half past seven made her doubt
The trueness of his smile.

At eight o'clock she gave up hope,
With a heart the weight of lead;
And after a vain attempt to read,
She sneaked off to her bed.

Now this is but a warning fair
To all by men beguiled:
Don't lose quite all your heart and head
Because on you he smiled.

ANSWERS TO "GUESS WHO?" IN THE CHRISTMAS NORM.

1. Mr. Peterson.
2. Miss Shearer.
3. Mr. Burton.

Notice to the June Seniors

1. All manuscripts for the June Commencement Number of *The Norm* must be in the hands of the Editor on or before May first.
2. All pictures must be in the hands of the Editor on or before May first.
3. All Senior pictures must be half-cabinet size,—NOT mounted.

Drama

"People who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

(This is an utterly unexpected melo-comedy, but nevertheless is absolutely authentic.)

CHARACTERS.

Arthur Bishop Beaumont.....Leading Man
 Grace M. Davis.....Ingenué
 Katie L. Dunsmore.....First Side Light
 James Gentle.....Second Side Light
 Doctor Dunsmore.....Stage Manager
 Rosa B. Parrott.....Leading Lady
 Other Members of the David Bispham Concert Party.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

(Monmouth Spooners' Coach on Special Train. Enter Miss Parrott. Seats herself. Conversation outside. Bell rings loudly. Enter Katie Dunsmore and girl friends. More conversation. "All aboard." Enter soul-mates—Miss Davis, Mr. Beaumont and others. Hurriedly seat themselves. Much laughing. Enter unattached females. A buzz of conversation and shouting. Train starts for Independence.)

Katie. Suppose you sing something, Florence. (Florence starts "Love's Old Sweet Song." Others join in. Louie is songless but casts adoring glances.)

CURTAIN.

Scene 2.

(Independence. Train stops. Enter Mr. Dunsmore, seats himself near stove. Singing continues.)

Rosa B. Parrott. Good evening, Dr. Dunsmore. So glad to

have you with us! Is not this a most excellent opportunity to get our molecules well attuned to vibration? (Plumes wave violently with each nod.)

Doctor Dunsmore. Most assuredly, Miss Parrott; but to be frank I see no need of furthering our journey to Salem. We have a splendid concert in present continuation.

Rosa B. Parrott. Oh! see—!

Enters another unattached female.

A. B. Beaumont. Won't you accept my seat, Madam?

Grace M. Davis. O-o-o-oh!

A. B. Beaumont (gives his seat to the lady and takes another near the stove). Pleasant evening, Mr. Dunsmore.

Rosa B. Parrott. We're off at last! (Terrible commotion heard without. Enter James Gentle with hat over one ear and other indications of delapidation.)

Grace Davis. Sit right over there, James. Katie has saved a seat beside herself for you.

Other Members of Party. Right this way, James. There's a pleasant vacant seat.

Arthur B. Beaumont. Right there by Katie is a vacant seat, James. (Leaning over with a mischievous smile.) Don't go further.

Rosa B. Parrott. Oh, Mr. Beaumont! (Who is too absorbed in seating James to take heed.)

Doctor Dunsmore. Miss Parrott wishes to have speech with you, friend Beaumont.

Arthur B. Beaumont (hastily recovering himself). At your service, Miss Parrott.

Rosa B. Parrott. Mr. Beaumont. "People who live in glass houses must not throw stones."

Arthur B. Beaumont. Well—er—ahew—These tickets don't seem to be quite straight. I must find the conductor at once. (Exit, returning in some few minutes and finds a seat by Miss Davis.)

"I Love You Truly" floats in on the calm night air from the rear car and quiet reigns SUPREME.

CURTAIN.

Exchanges

(Edited by SADIE BELL.)

Our exchange department has not been so strong this year as we would like to have it, but though the quantity is small, the quality is excellent. We congratulate ourselves upon having such good school papers in our library. We hope that during the rest of the year our exchanges will increase in number.

It is with great pleasure that we acknowledge the following papers:

Hesperian, from the Oregon City High School; *St. Helen's*, from Portland, Oregon; *Messenger*, from Bellingham, Washington; *Orderly*, from Hill Military Academy, Portland, Oregon; *Crescent*, from Pacific College; *Kinnikinick*, from Cheney, Washington; *Chimes*, from Philomath, Oregon; *The Crucible*, from Greeley, Colorado; *Pacific Star*, from Mt. Angel College; *Columbiad*, from Portland, Oregon; *Zephyrus*, from Astoria, Oregon; *The Prospect*, from Fresno, California, and *The Emerald*, from Eugene, Oregon; *The Collegian*, Willamette University.

We cannot mention the good and bad of each of these papers. Some we found rather weak in certain departments, but no doubt they are working hardest there in order to strengthen it. Cuts always improve a paper. Original work adds greatly to the interest. The high school papers show good work: if they keep up their standard, their papers will lead.

We wish for all our exchanges a most prosperous and pleasant year

The November issue of the *Kinnikinick* is a very "newsy" school paper. The school seems to be well organized and there is an excellent class spirit. It seems that they practice and carry out to the utmost their suggestions on "The True Class Spirit." They seem to dwell most weightily on "Pen Pictures" as there wasn't a cut of any kind in the issue.

Normal Diary

Dec. 13.—Geraniums handed in. (Miss —— originated a rootless variety which is marked “?”).

Dec. 17. Illustrated “Bug Lecture” by Professor Beaumont.

Dec. 19. David Bispham Concert. (“Marathon Race” from special train to the opera house. Mr. Beaumont and Miss Davis champions.)

Dec. 20. At 10:00 a. m. Training school gives a program.

At 11:00 a. m., Scramble in Gym. Miss Parrott scrambles most excellently.

At 1:30 p. m., the cornerstone of the Girls’ Dormitory was laid. The Masonic Order, together with the Student Body, carried out a most excellent program.

Dec. 21. Bell reverts to “summer school” girl.

Faculty dispense with raincoats, umbrellas, etc., and go to wedding (no more showers).

Dec. 24. Miss Sizemore leaves for her home to spend the holidays.

Dec. 25. Byers at postoffice rejoicing that he got a “LETTER.”

Dec. 26. Mr. Hesseltine goes to Portland. (Why?)

Dec. 27. Much DISSIPATION. Slevoigh plays for two dances in one (evening?).

Dec. 28. Several February Seniors go to Portland to buy graduating “FINERY.”

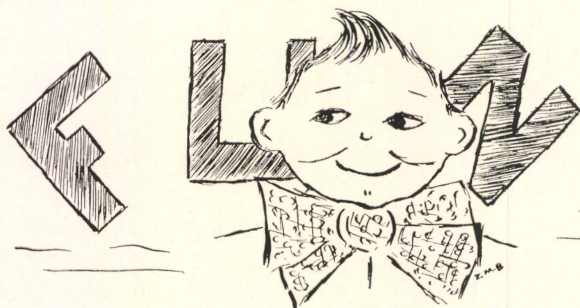
Dec. 31. Miss Harlan entertains the “Left Overs” with a “Watch Party” New Year’s Eve. Many interesting games were participated in. The ICE CREAM vanished so quickly that the FLASH-LIGHT could not follow it in its flight. Also a new “riffle,” the boys were apportioned girls regardless of soulmates.

Jan. 6. A tremendous excitement. President Ackerman announces in chapel that two ladies and a YOUNG MAN have just enrolled.

Jan. 7. A delegation of county school superintendents visited the Normal. One member “single.” “It pays to advertise. A splendid dinner was prepared by the Domestic Science Class.

Jan. 18. The greatest event of the year. “The Burton-Peter-son Debate” in Student Body meeting.

At last date. Somebody for ever and ever wishing for something to happen.



(Edited by CARLOTTA CROWLEY and FLORENCE L. TATE.)

How does Mr. Evenden know that many intelligent citizens waste good half days playing checkers in some corner store?

New expression from the "Father of the Constitution," when addressing the chair: "Madam Question!"

"For the Love of Mike," why does a woman hater go to the O. N. S.? See Burton for information.

Lenore had a little lamb,
As perhaps you all may know;
And everywhere that Lenore went
This lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school and play—
'Twas not against the rule.
It made the students laugh and shout
To see this lamb at school.

But soon his school days will be o'er;
Then poor Lenore, Ah me!
She'll be so very, very sad
To lose her Orrin B.

No danger of the O. N. S. girls not knowing the mute sign for good-bye.

Heard in Training School:

Teacher: "Can anyone give another name for the old and new worlds?"

Pupil: "Old and New Testaments."

Mr. Evenden: "I chopped wood last year, but I have to chop more this year."

Wonder why?

Miss Miller (wanting girls to listen to story she was telling): "Listen, dear!—"

Mr. Slevoigh: "Yes, I'm listening."

Mr. Butler (in Professional History): "Miss Kerns, how does this story differ from those preceding?"

Miss Kerns: "I don't know—unless it's just a little bit bigger."

Teacher: "What are the children of the czar called?"

Freshman: "Czardines."

Miss Parrott's test for a good book for girls: "One in which the heroine is rewarded for her good qualities by getting a husband."

Miss M.: "Louis, give a sentence using 'offshoot.'"

L.: "People sometimes shoot off their faces."

Psychology Class: "What is productive imagination?"

Mr. Evenden (mentally stuck): "Hawthorne's 'Raven.'"

Definition for "formal discipline," given by student of Normal School: "Formal discipline is that discipline which a teacher has when she can send a class to the board in perfect order without having to go into a fit of anger to do so."

Miss W. (reading Christmas *Norm*): "'Imagine Miss Allen without her Bible.' Now, what does that mean?"

Miss Brenton: "Now you may go to a place where it is warmer."

Miss Dunsmore is taking violin lessons so she can play in the Gentle orchestra.

Little girl on the corner to some Normal girls: "Do you know who I am waiting for?"

"No. Whom?"

"For our boy."

"Who is your boy?"

"Mr. Hesseltine."

A PSALM OF THE AGRICULTURE CLASS.

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

Life is real, life is earnest,
 And the shell is not its pen.
 Egg thou art, to egg returnest,
 Was not spoken of the hen.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the barnyard of your life,
 Be not like dumb driven cattle,
 Be a rooster in the strife.

Lives of roosters all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime;
 And departing leave behind us
 Hen tracks on the sands of time.

Hen tracks which another rooster,
 Wandering o'er life's desert plain,
 A forlorn and henpecked brother,
 Seeing, may take heart again.

Fletcher's favorite expression: "Throw physics to the dogs."

Miss Hill: "I do hope the new student will be an interesting character. These other boys are so commonplace I'm tired of looking at them.

December 20, 1912.

Dear Sir:

I received a copy of *The Norm* today and in looking over it I see that Burton is looking for excitement. Now has the old school lost all its ambition or what? I mean as regards the entertainment of its members. It seems too bad to think it has, for as a student I remember we had such good times.

Here are a few hints to those who want excitement:

Have a good old-fashioned chicken feed. Ask the old residents who furnished the chickens—they can tell you.

Steal the Y. W. C. A. candy. That's good sport. Ask Uncle Jay for further particulars.

Appropriate someone's lunch. (Party supper with ice cream.) Or take some flowers or fruit without asking. Inquire of the good

old ladies who raised them in the days of long ago, and why they stopped.

Ask the janitor why the bell refused to ring sometimes.

Have a few class scraps over caps, flags, etc.

These are only a few suggestions from an old member of the "Dirty Dozen" who reigned during the reign of terror, when nothing was safe that was loose and edible or served any purpose. These are only a few hints as to what might be done to give some excitement at the Normal, and especially for Burton.

If you are interested in what I say, ask some of the older students who have been at the Normal before, or some of the old professors.

Now don't think because there are so few boys that you can't have any fun. There are some good fellows among the fair sex if you can only find them out.

I enjoyed your paper very much and read it from cover to cover. It brings back many things from the old days.

This is not for publication unless you see fit, but only just a suggestion, that's all.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year,
I remain,
A FRIEND.

P. S. Don't think the hand is disguised; it is not. [The editor would be ashamed to make such an admission.] Please don't try to find out who wrote this, but just take it as it's meant and laugh and let it go at that. If you wish more, let me know and I'll be more definite. Ha! Ha!
A FRIEND.

Editor's Note.—We never know what we can do until we have tried. For instance, we did not know that we could do detective work until the occasion arose. A few days ago we received the above letter. At first we were puzzled; but it didn't take us long to conclude that the hen scratching in which it was written could be done by no other than an M. D. That was one step solved. Next, we noticed that the writer referred to "Uncle Jay." Now, we figured out that "Jay" might be expanded to read something like this: JABEZ BARNAM VIRGIL, etc. It was not difficult to fit this onto the head of a certain large, genial and hospitable family. This person being one who enjoys deviltry (we don't mean to insinuate that he commits it—though

he may have in his younger days), we concluded that he could easily be the uncle—perhaps a closer relative—to the writer of the scandalous letter. Now it happens that this particular JABEZ BARNAM VIRGIL, etc., whom we chance to know, has hundreds of sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews, cousins and—well, that's enough anyway. Now, in all this large family, there are not more than half a dozen M. D.'s. And of these there is probably not more than one who has his letters postmarked at Montavilla Station.

Wonderful detectives we are.

Clare: "What is your favorite book?"

Vivian: "My Bible, of course."

1913 Wishes

The Norm hopes everyone of its advertisers may find the year 1913 a banner one. In addition, it would like to see some wishes fulfilled as follows:

First National Bank of Monmouth.—A clock that will tick gold dollars instead of golden minutes.

The Star Theatre.—An electric piano that typifies perpetual motion.

Monmouth Mercantile Company.—A large merchandise order from the place of Prosperity.

The Davidson Studio.—An everlasting order of cuts from *The Norm*.

Independence Steam Laundry.—Our patronage—but don't join a trust.

The Monmouth Dairy.—A continuation of your usual merits.

Wetherbee & Jones.—May you always keep as your standard, "The Best Store in Polk County."

Oregon Normal School.—Three hundred and sixty-five new men.

American Book Company.—May your volumes be found in the new state school texts.

Monmouth Hotel.—A bill of fare that begins with Prosperity Soup and ends with dessert of Happiness.

Winegar & Lorence.—Hardware that will drive the nails of Opportunity in the house of Success.

Monmouth Creamery.—A Renaissance of your frozen dainties.

Perkins Pharmacy.—A prescription for success that will be accurately compounded in the pharmacy of Fate.

Morlan & Son.—The soda water of Success.

The Liberal.—All the patronage which your name implies.

V. F. Daniel Store.—A large bolt of Prosperity—all wool and many yards wide.

Graham & Son.—A clock that will stop trouble and strike success.

Independence National Bank.—A check on the Bank of Prosperity for another 365 days of Success.

Dr. J. B. Grider.—A pull that will always bring smiles instead of pain.

Thos. Boulder.—More fowls—less feathers.

Dr. J. O. Matthis.—More patience and less patients.

Walter G. Brown.—A box of the sweetest thing in life—happiness.

Rowe's Jewelry Store.—Diamonds as plentiful as Willamette Valley raindrops.

V. O. Boots.—A cigar wrapped in greenbacks.

Conkey & Walker.—A well-filled order box from the firm of Progress & Prosperity.

Elizabeth Read.—Never a discord in Life's continuous Music.

Parodine Doughty.—Fashions that will suit all, with no alterations.

Monmouth Barber Shop.—A corner on the good things of Life.

Elliott.—A perpetual contract for the printing of *The Norm*.

Monmouth Bakery.—Plenty of dough to last for Life.

P. H. Johnson.—A legislative enactment of continued prosperity.

Monmouth Meat Market.—A "stake" that will last for Life.

The J. K. Gill Co.—A bill of lading from the House of Contentment.

Polk County Mercantile Co.—A storage plant full of health, happiness and success to be supplied to all.

A. H. Craven.—A permanent interest in Coos County.

J. C. Hayter.—A patent on Prosperity that will never be contested.

L. A. Cary.—A deed to a corner lot in Boosterville.

Pertinent Paragraphs

(By W. H. B.)

Be brief.

Do it Now.

Don't talk so much.

Don't make excuses; make good.

Why do YOU take yourself so seriously?

Happiness is just a habit—cultivate the habit.

There is many a dead one who does the undertaker no good.

The man who never made a mistake never made anything.

Money is a splendid substitute for brains in some cases.

Smile! Be happy! A grin is worth a hundred sighs on any market.

Don't brag about yourself. Jolly others into doing it for you.

Did it ever occur to you that most of your mistakes are self made.

If we could see ourselves as others see us—we wouldn't believe it.

Never forget that it pays to be polite—even if you don't mean it.

Being in doubt is just like being in deep water—keep your mouth shut.

What would *The Norm* be if everyone took just the interest in it that you do?

With the possible exception of her tongue a woman can usually hold her own.

People with lots of determination are likely to be unpopular—and successful.

In the little matter of making fools, prosperity can put it all over adversity.

When a man starts down in the world everything seems greased for the occasion.

Bear this in mind: Many a person is friendless because he is too popular with himself.

Every time a girl sees a handsome young man she wonders whose sweetheart he is.

One way for a man to find out just what a woman really thinks of him is to make her angry.

The saddest thing we ever saw was a fat man trying to look cute and the funniest thing was a fat girl on a little piano stool.

Mother Goosicles Up to Date

Once there lived a Gentle-man,
Close to where the motor ran,
Whom they often call by name

Of little Jimmie O!

Now his head is in a whirl,
For he has a brand new girl,
Whom the neighbors say he calls
His little Katie O!

There's another,—Hesseltine.
I don't think he's so very green
For they say he often turns
To a bright Opal O!

But you mustn't blame the lad,
Nor think that he's a cad,
For they say he'd like to own
The pretty jewel O!

We've got a prof named Beaumont,
Who's stature's somewhat gaunt,
Whom all the girls adore, but all
In vain 'twas O!

For 'twas little Davis, Grace,
With her pretty ways and face,
Put an end to all their
Aspirations O!

There's another fellow, Burton,
With whom the girls are flirtin',
Sometimes 'tis Merle, sometimes Veva,
Or again some other O!

But which one he's going to get
It is hard to tell just yet,
'Cause he seems so very timid and
So bashful O!

Monmouth Barber Shop

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Everything First Class
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When you are cold and weary of heart
Down to Morlan's is the place to start.
We claim our refreshments the best in line
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With our candies fine and our chocolates sweet
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We invite you one. We invite you all
To come and make us a call. MORLAN & SON

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Royal Worcester Corsets
American Ladies' Tailoring
M. Born & Co.'s Men's Tailoring
Florsheim and Sincerity Shoes

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: : OF MONMOUTH : :

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When you buy ROYAL CLUB Canned Goods you buy Quality. Quality is the foundation upon which my business is built. There is a common fallacy that anything bought at a low price is bought cheaply. This belief is unsound. True economy consists not in what you pay, but in what you get for your money.

R. & C. Coffee, 1 and 3 pound cans, Wadco Magnolia blend, steel cut. 35c lb., 3 lbs. for \$1.00

Leading brand of Hard Wheat Flour

Swift's Premium Hams

Armour's Shield Bacon

Armour's Pure Leaf Lard

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Will make prices in Canned Goods in Case Lots.

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables in Season

—A. H. CRAVEN



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